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HENRY CLAPP. JR., EDITOR.

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(From the Independent.)

REMARKS ON HELL.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I will say a few words this evening in reply to the following letter which I have received:

"Will you please tell me, in your Lecture-Room Talks, published in the *Independent*, what you mean by *hell* and *future punishment?* My mind is yearning for something higher and more spiritual; but, before I can advance any further, I must have these terms explained by a liberal Christian man."

By the term *hell*, as it is popularly used, we mean—or *I* mean—that state in which, after this mortal life, the incorrigibly wicked are left to their own suffering and punishment. If you ask me the meaning of the original word —*hades*—I reply, that means that state of the dead which immediately succeeds this life, and which is intermediate between this life and the one that is to come. Or, if you ask me what *hell* means in the ordinary usage, and in my usage, I reply, that it means the state in which the incorrigibly wicked are herded together, and suffer the legitimate result of their wickedness. I need not, therefore, answer the second question, as to the meaning of *future punishment.*

There has been a mode of presenting the doctrine of future punishment, and there has sometimes been a spirit employed in the use of it as a motive, which have been repulsive, not to say shocking. Not only have we received this doctrine as it has come down to us, clothed with material figures and illustrations, but these figures and illustrations have been magnified and worked up, until the doctrine, as it is presented by human interpretations and expositions, is simply horrible. It has been supposed that death was one vast slaughter-house of torment, where wretched, and hopeless, and helpless creatures, for the sins of life, were, by every conceivable method of exquisite physical pain, badgered and beaten about in an endless gyration of suffering. Look at the *Inferno* of Dante, as an exposition of the prevalent opinions of his day. Look at the *Last Judgment* of Michael Angelo, as an exposition of the physical ideas of torment of his day, where devils are gnawing the skulls of the damned; where men are pitched about on forks; where all possible modes of bodily distress are grossly, savagely, hideously complicated. And consider these as presentations of a state of government under which Christ is the manifestation of God!

This extreme materialism, this utter barbarity of the ideas which have so widely prevailed respecting future punishment, has been one chief reason of the modern reaction that has taken place on that subject. Then we have not, perhaps, made the matter much better by the arguments, derived from the world, of moral government, which we have advanced to justify future and eternal punishment, and which seem not to be at all sound.

Now, what are the facts?

The first to which I shall call your attention is, that our Saviour is the fountain of this doctrine. If the strong testimony concerning a future penal state had been found chiefly in Paul or in Peter, then men would very likely have said—or felt, if they did not choose to say—that it was a human exaggeration. But the remarkable feature is, that this doctrine does not appear in the Old Testament at all, and that in the New Testament it is, I might almost say, but just alluded to anywhere else except in the teachings of the Saviour. And the figures representing the fact, the solemn annunciation of the fact itself, and the frequent use of this great shadow of dread in the future, belong to that meek, and loving, and gentle, and atoning Lamb of God.

I do not know what significance this will have to you; but I confess that when I find myself revolting from this doctrine on account of the intense materialism of the church derived from medieval representations, and I go to the New Testament and see the calm, frequent, unequivocal utterances of Christ, and think what he was, how he felt, and what he taught, the simple circumstance that it is a doctrine of which Christ is the author and teacher is to me the most convincing of all things. Coming, as it does, from Christ, it impresses me more strongly than it would if it came from Paul, or any other of the disciples. Though I consider that they were inspired, yet I cannot but feel that, emanating from him, it is different from what it would have been if it had emanated from either of them.

If, then, a man says to me, "Do you believe in future punishment?" I have to say, "I do." And if he says, "How do you reconcile it with the goodness and justice of God?" I say, "The Lord Jesus Christ himself was the very one that introduced and taught it."

As o those word-arguments by which this teaching of the Saviour is explained away, I have only to say that any latitude of construction which explains this away explains away every other teaching of his. If by any process of dissection and disjointing you can take out that doctrine of Christ, I do not know what you cannot take out by the same process.

It is a very awful and painful view. I feel

when I look upon society and think of that doctrine, as I should if I looked into a crater, I shudder. I hide my eyes and heart from it. It touches me to the core of my life. I positively dare not think of it in certain moods. It is a dreadful thing.

But then, as this is the teaching of Christ, a spiritual teacher, in respect to men who are to go out of this life as spirits, and to dwell in a spiritual realm, I hold that it is reasonable to infer that the punishment of the future state is not material in any way whatever; that it is a moral and spiritual punishment, following the transgression of law; that it consists in the reaction of the mind, by its own laws, on itself; that it is the being withdrawn from the Divine presence, and those fertilising and joy-inspiring influences which come from personal communion with God. And this view takes away all that repulsiveness which we cannot but feel when the doctrine of a barbaric, bodily, material punishment is taught. As no man supposes that the streets of heaven are paved with gold because the Apocalypse represents them as being so paved, so we are not to suppose that the gross representations of hell which we find in the New Testament are to be taken literally. As no one supposes that the symbols employed to give us some conception of the degree of joy in heaven are meant to convey to us a conception of its kind, so we are to suppose that that symbolism which is given of hell is employed to represent the degree, rather than the kind, of unhappiness there.

Now I will pass to the other part of the letter:

"My mind is yearning for something higher and more spiritual; but before I can advance any further I must have these terms explained by a liberal Christian man."

I object to any such position as that. I will admit that, before a man can make progress in a spiritual and Christian life, there are certain initial truths which he must know. Thus, a man must know something about sin before he can have a conscience exercised respecting sin. He must know something about law before he can feel a conviction of having broken law. He must know something of Christ before he can have faith in Christ. Therefore, when Philip and the eunuch went down in the chariot, it was needful, before the eunuch could make a profession of Christ, that the apostle should preach Christ to him; and he could have said, "How can I be a Christian till I know something about Christ?" There are certain fundamental, elementary views of moral character and obligation such that, if a man be ignorant of them, he may wait and say, "Put me in possession of these views, or I cannot go on to a higher life;" but here is a man who understands all these elementary truths, on which character is based.

Now, there are a great many doctrines which are not necessarily initial, although they are important. They may be important for the conception of character, or important for the filling out symmetrically the circle of thought respecting religious matters; and yet they may not be indispensable to the formation of Christian habits and a Christian faith. And for a man to sit down before one of these doctrines and say, "I must have this question settled before I can take another step," is so manifestly wrong, although so very common, that I wish to speak a few words about it.

In preaching, it has been my lot to deal with many men who said, "I am going to be a Christian; but when I become a Christian I am going to be a whole one. I am not going to meddle with religion till I am prepared to take it up understandingly."

I recollect a man in Terre Haute who was under serious convictions, and whom I called upon. He said he was going to tear up theology to the roots, so that when he became a Christian he should be a real one. He was a physician; and I said to him, "Doctor, suppose a man should send to you in great haste, asking you to come and see him, as he had symptoms of the cholera; and suppose, when you reached his bedside, you found that he had four or five old medical works that he was studying, and he said to you, "Sir, I have called you to come in and assist me in understanding these books; and I am not going to take one single step in being doctored till I have torn up the doctrines of medicine to the very roots; for when I am well, I am going to be well all through;" what would you say? As it was a case in his own profession, and pertinent, he saw the reasonableness of it at once, and said, frankly, "I should say, 'Lay aside these volumes, and take the medicines that I shall give you, and then, after you have recovered, you can study at your leisure.'" He was so convinced of the error of his position that he abandoned it at once, and offered himself to Christ, and in a few days became a Christian. And it is absurd for any person to sit behind a doctrine and say, "When you explain that to me I shall be ready to go forward."

I am not opposed to any amount of questioning, or any amount of explanation, that is required for the understanding of any theme or any staple doctrine of our faith, but I do say that the time for that questioning or explanation is not before a man submits to the authority of Christ, but afterward; and that the first step toward the understanding of doctrine is submission of one's heart and will to God. "If any man will do my will, he shall know of the doctrine which I teach, whether it be of God," said the Master. I believe that. I hold that the putting the force of a man's life fully and wholly into his moral feeling is, ordinarily, a prerequisite to the very solution of many of the difficulties in doctrine. How frequently it is the case that, when a man who has been charged and surcharged with infidel difficulties becomes a Christian, all those difficulties quickly melt away!

On some very cold morning of February a man wakes up in his house, and says: "Every window here is curtained with ice. Frost is on every pane, and obstructs the light. And now, I am not going to take a step in my daily duties, nor have a morsel of breakfast, till every particle of this ice is removed." So he begins to scrape the glass; and before he has finished cleaning the second pane, the frost is formed on the first one that he scraped, as much as it was when he began. He makes very slow progress. And if I were in his presence, I would say: "My friend, build a big fire in the stove, and that will get your breakfast; and while it is getting your breakfast, the heat that it will diffuse throughout the room will melt the ice, and the light will be let in through the windows in the most legitimate way."

Now, there are thousands and thousands of crystallized skepticisms and difficulties that attach to a man's understanding because there is not any fire in the heart; because that very moral state which solves difficulties is wanting in him. And if he would have his difficulties solved, he must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. The way to solve difficulties is to be in full communion with God. There is a light let down from the Spirit of God when a man's heart is in a state to receive it, that supersedes the necessity of thousands of investigations. Men that fight and quarrel with the sovereignty of God, when brought to an experience of divine love, find themselves breaking out, not in arguments and reasonings against that doctrine, but in praise and thanksgiving that God is sovereign. Many a man to whom the doctrine of grace is a stumbling-block, when once he has the grace of God in his heart, is led thereby to magnify the name of the Lord. And it is a fact corroborated by experience and practical wisdom that the way to solve difficulties is to have the power of God in the soul, and rise to a higher spiritual life.

I should therefore say, in respect to such a case as this, "The doctrine of future punishment may be a proper subject for investigation; but whether you believe it or not, whether you think it divine or human, you are under obligation to repent, and to love God with all your heart, and mind, and soul, and strength.

I think a man can be a Christian and take either side of the controversy on this particular point. I think a man may be a Universalist and yet be a Christian. I do not think that the schedules of doctrines which usually go with the Universalist Church in our country tend to the production of spiritual character; but, regarding it purely as a question of logic, I do not perceive that it is a fatal heresy for a man to take the unorthodox view of this subject. It may be that it will be mischievous in a degree on him; but experience shows, in many eminent instances, that men may hold views different from the orthodox views in reference to this point, and still be Christians. And I say to every man that comes to me for advice in the matter, Be reconciled to God first. Give your heart to the Lord Jesus Christ first. Let that question rest till the more important one of your high and solemn duty to your Saviour is adjusted; and then, if you desire it, you may enter upon a process of investigation and reasoning concerning that particular article of faith.

And so, in respect to all the questions that take hold upon the sphere of moral government, and especially upon the realm of the infinite, the invisible, the unknown, and, in its full extent, unknowable. I do not warn men from those questions because they are forbidden, or because I think it impossible to know anything respecting them, but because in the nature of things they are not necessary as truths precedent to faith, and love, and holy obedience; whereas the great duties of life, honor, and safety all teach and urge every man first to make his peace with God. That is above every thing else. It is a practical thing. And all men may, in our Christian community, be supposed to have knowledge enough to take that step.

Make your calling and election sure, be reconciled to God, humble yourself before

Christ; and then, if, these things being done, you begin to taste the joy of salvation, and want, as this questioner does, to rise to a higher spiritual state, it is not probable that you will do it by a process of theological philosophizing. It seems to me that a man would be more apt to do it by practicing self-denial; by cultivating meekness; by exercising patience and gentleness; by being long-suffering and forbearing; by making himself to others what Christ is to them. It strikes me that the practice of the simplest Christian virtues with more depth, with more heroism, with more scope, and with more sweetness of love, would be much more apt to raise a man to that higher spirituality which he is hungering and thirsting after than the exploration of any theological and recondite proposition whatever. Be a Christian; and if you yearn for something more, be a little more a Christian; and if you still want something more, be yet more a Christian. Growth in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, will, I think, after a little experience, satisfy any man.

A NEW SYSTEM OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

BY JOHN PHŒNIX.

I have often thought that the adjectives of the English language were not sufficiently definite for the purposes of description. They have but three degrees of comparison—a very insufficient number, certainly, when we consider that they are to be applied to a thousand objects, which, though of the same general class or quality, differ from each other by a thousand different shades or degrees of the same peculiarity. Thus, though there are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, all of which must, in the nature of things, differ from each other in the matter of climate, —we have but half a dozen expressions to convey to one another our ideas of this inequality. We say—"It is a fine day;" "It is a *very* fine day;" "It is the *finest* day we have seen;" or, "It is an unpleasant day;" "A *very* unpleasant day;" "The *most* unpleasant day we ever saw." But it is plain that none of these expressions give an *exact* idea of the nature of the day; and the two superlative expressions are generally untrue. I once heard a gentleman remark, on a rainy, snowy, windy and (in the ordinary English language) indescribable day, that it was "most preposterous weather." He came nearer to giving a correct idea of it, than he could have done by any ordinary mode of expression; but his description was not sufficiently definite.

Again:—we say of a lady—"She is beautiful;" "She is *very* beautiful," or "She is *perfectly* beautiful;" descriptions which, to one who never saw her, are no descriptions at all, for among thousands of women he has seen, probably no two are equally beautiful; and as to a *perfectly* beautiful woman, he knows that no such being was ever created—unless by G. P. R. James, for one of the two horsemen to fall in love with, and marry at the end of the second volume.

If I meet Smith in the street, and ask him —as I am pretty sure to do—"How he does?" he infallibly replies—"*Tolerable*, thank you!" which gives me no *exact* idea of Smith's health —for he has made the same reply to me on a hundred different occasions—on every one of which there *must* have been some slight shade of difference in his physical economy, and of course a corresponding change in his feelings.

To a man of a mathematical turn of mind—to a student and lover of the exact sciences these inaccuracies of expression—this inability to understand *exactly* how things are, must be a constant source of annoyance; and to one who like myself, unites this turn of mind to an ardent love of truth, for its own sake—the reflection that the English language does not enable us to speak the truth with exactness, is peculiarly painful. For this reason I have, with some trouble, made myself thoroughly acquainted with every ancient and modern language, in the hope that I might find some one of them that would enable me to express precisely my ideas; but the same insufficiency of adjectives exist in all except that of the Flathead Indians of Puget Sound, which consists of but forty-six words, mostly nouns; but to the constant use of which exists the objection, that nobody but that tribe can understand it. And as their literary and scientific advancement is not such as to make a residence among them, for a man of my disposition, desirable, I have abandoned the use of their language, in the belief that for me it is *hyas. cultus.*, or as the Spaniard hath it, *no me vale nada.*

Despairing, therefore, of making new discoveries in foreign languages, I have set myself seriously to work to reform our own; and have, I think, made an important discovery, which, when developed into a system and universally adopted, will give a precision of expression, and a consequent clearness of idea, that will leave little to be desired, and will, I modestly hope, immortalize my humble name as the promulgator of the truth and the benefactor of the human race.

Before entering upon my system I will give you an account of its discovery (which, perhaps, I might with more modesty term an adaptation and enlargement of the idea of another), which will surprise you by its simplicity, and like the method of standing eggs on end, of Columbus, the inventions of printing, gunpowder, and the mariners' compass—prove another exemplification of the truth of Hannah More's beautifully expressed sentiment:

"Large streams from little fountains flow,
Large aches from little toe-corns grow,"

During the past week my attention was attracted by a large placard embellishing the corners of our streets, headed in mighty capitals, with the word "PHRENOLOGY," and illustrated by a map of a man's head, closely shaven, and laid off in lots, duly numbered from one to forty-seven. Beneath this edifying illustration appeared a legend, informing the inhabitants that Professor Dodge had arrived, and taken rooms (which was inaccurate, as he had but one room) at the Gyascutus House, where he would be happy to examine and furnish them with a chart of their heads, showing the moral and intellectual endowments, at the low price of three dollars each.

Always gratified with an opportunity of spending my money and making scientific researches, I immediately had my hair cut and carefully combed, and hastened to present myself and my head to the Professor's notice. I found him a tall and thin Professor, in a suit of rusty, not to say seedy black, with a closely-buttoned vest, and no perceptible shirt-collar or wristbands. His nose was red, his spectacles were blue, and he wore a brown wig, beneath which, as I subsequently ascertained, his bald head was laid off in lots, marked and numbered with Indian ink, after the manner of the diagram upon his advertisement.

Upon a small table lay many little books with yellow covers, several of the placards, pen and ink, a pair of iron callipers with brass knobs, and six dollars in silver. Having explained the object of my visit, and increased the pile of silver by six half-dollars from my pocket—whereat he smiled, and I observed he wore false teeth—(scientific men always do; they love to encourage art) the Professor placed me in a chair, and rapidly manipulating my head, after the manner of a *sham-pooh* (I am not certain as to the orthography of this expression), said that my temperament was "lymphatic, nervous, bilious." I remarked that "I thought myself dyspeptic," but he made no reply. Then seizing on the callipers, he embraced with them my head in various places, and made notes upon a small card that lay near him on the table. He then stated that my "hair was getting very thin on the top," placed in my hand one of the yellow-covered books, which I found to be an almanac containing anecdotes about the virtues of "Dodge's Hair Invigorator," and recommending it to my perusal, he remarked that he was agent for the sale of this wonderful fluid, and urged me to purchase a bottle—price two dollars. Stating my willingness to do so, the Professor produced it from a hair trunk that stood in a corner of the room, which he stated, by the way, was originally an ordinary pine box, on which the hair had grown since "the Invigorator" had been placed in it—(a singular fact) and recommended me to be cautious in wearing gloves while rubbing it upon my head, as unhappy accidents had occurred—the hair growing freely from the ends of the fingers, if used with the bare hand. He then seated himself at the table, and rapidly filling up what appeared to me a blank certificate, he soon handed over the following singular document.

"PHRENOLOGICAL CHART OF THE HEAD OF M. JOHN PHŒNIX, by FLATBROKE B. DODGE, Professor of Phrenology, and inventor and proprietor of Dodge's celebrated Hair Invigorator, Stimulator of the Conscience, and Arouser of the Mental Faculties:

Temperament,—*Lymphatic, Nervous, Bilious.*

Size of Head, 11.	Imitation, 11.
Amativeness, 11½.	Self-Esteem, ½.
Caution, 3.	Benevolence, 12.
Combativeness, 2½.	Mirth, 1.
Credulity, 1.	Language, 12.
Causality, 12.	Firmness, 2.
Conscientiousness, 12.	Veneration, 12.
Destructiveness, 9.	Philoprogenitiveness, 0.
Hope, 10."	

Having gazed on this for a few moments in mute astonishment—during which the Professor took a glass of brandy and water, and afterwards a mouthful of tobacco—I turned to him and requested an explanation.

"Why," said he, "it's very simple; the number 12 is the maximum, 1 the minimum; for instance, you are as benevolent as a man can be—therefore I mark you, Benevolence, 12. You have little or no self-esteem—hence

I place you, Self-esteem, ¼. You've scarcely any credulity—don't you see?"

I did see! This was my discovery. I saw at a flash how the English language was susceptible of improvement, and, fired with the glorious idea, I rushed from the room and the house; heedless of the Professor's request that I would buy more of his Invigorator; heedless of his alarmed cry that I would pay for the bottle I'd got; heedless that I tripped on the last step of the Gyascutus House, and smashed there the precious fluid (the step has now a growth of four inches of hair on it, and the people use it as a door-mat); I rushed home, and never grew calm till with pen, ink, and paper before me, I commenced the development of my system.

This system—shall I say this great system—is exceedingly simple, and easily explained in a few words. In the first place, "*figures won't lie.*" Let us then represent by the number 100, the maximum, the *ne plus ultra* of every human quality—grace, beauty, courage, strength, wisdom, learning—every thing. Let *perfection*, I say, be represented by 100, and an absolute minimum of all qualities by the number 1. Then by applying the numbers between, to the adjectives used in conversation, we shall be able to arrive at a very close approximation to the idea we wish to convey; in other words, we shall be enabled to speak the truth.

Glorious, soul-inspiring idea! For instance, the most ordinary question asked of you is, "How do you do?" To this, instead of replying, "Pretty well," "Very well," "Quite well," or the like absurdities—after running through your mind that *perfection* of health is 100, no health at all, 1—you say, with a graceful bow, "Thank you, I'm 52 to-day;" or, feeling poorly, "I'm 13, I'm obliged to you," or, "I'm 68," or "75," or "87½," as the case may be! Do you see how very close in this way you may approximate to the truth; and how clearly your questioner will understand what he so anxiously wishes to arrive at—your *exact* state of health?

Let this system be adopted into our elements of grammar, our conversation, our literature, and we become at once an exact, precise, mathematical, truth-telling people. It will apply to every thing but politics; there, truth being of no account, the system is useless. But in literature, how admirable! Take an example:

As a 19 young and 76 beautiful lady was 52 gaily tripping down the sidewalk of our 84 frequented street, she accidently came in contact—100 (this shows that she came in close contact) with a 73 fat, but 87 good-humored looking gentleman, who was 93 (*i. e.* intently) gazing into the window of a toy-shop. Gracefully 56 extricating herself, she received the excuses of the 96 embarrassed Falstaff with a 68 bland smile, and continued on her way. But hardly—7—had she reached the corner of the block, ere she was overtaken by a 24 young man, 32 poorly dressed, but of an 85 expression of countenance; 91 hastily touching her 54 beautifully rounded arm, he said, to her 67 surprise—

"Madam, at the window of the toy-shop yonder, you dropped this bracelet, which I had the 71 good fortune to observe, and now have the 94 happiness to hand to you." (Of course the expression "94 happiness" is merely the young man's polite hyperbole.)

Blushing with 76 modesty, the lovely (76, as before, of course), lady took the bracelet—which was a 24 magnificent diamond clasp—24 *magnificent*, playfully sarcastic; was probably not one of Tucker's) from the young man's hand, and 84 hesitatingly drew from her beautifully 38 embroidered reticule a 67 porte-monnaie. The young man noticed the action, and 73 proudly drawing back, added—

"Do not thank me; the pleasure of gazing for an instant at those 100 eyes (perhaps too exaggerated a compliment,) has already more than compensated me for any trouble that I might have had."

She thanked him, however, and with a 67 deep blush and a 48 pensive air, turned from him, and pursued with a 33 slow step her promenade.

Of course you see that this is but the commencement of a pretty little tale, which I might throw off, if I had a mind to, showing in two volumes, or forty-eight chapters of thrilling interest, how the young man sought the girl's acquaintance, how the interest first excited, deepened into love, how they suffered much from the opposition of parents (her parents, of course), and how, after much trouble, annoyance, and many perilous adventures, they were finally married—their happiness, of course, being represented by 100. But I trust that I have said enough to recommend my system to the good and truthful of the literary world; and besides, just at present, I have something of more immediate importance to attend to.

You would hardly believe it, but that everlasting (100) scamp of a Professor has brought a suit against me for stealing a bottle of his disgusting "Invigorator;" and as the suit comes off before a Justice of the Peace, whose only principle of law is to find guilty and fine any accused person whom he thinks has any money—(because if he don't he has to take his costs in County Scrip,) it behooves me to "take time by the fore-lock." So, for the present, adieu. Should my system succeed to the extent of my hopes and expectations, I shall publish my new grammar early in the ensuing month, with suitable dedication and preface; and should you, with your well-known liberality, publish my prospectus, and give me a handsome literary notice, I shall be pleased to furnish a presentation copy to each of the little Pioneer children.

P. S. I regret to add that having just read this article to Mrs. Phœnix, and asked her opinion thereon, she replied that "if a first-rate magazine article were represented by 100, she should judge this to be about 13; or if the quintessence of stupidity were 100, she should take this to be in the neighborhood of 96." This, as a criticism, is perhaps a little discouraging, but as an exemplification of the merits of my system it is exceedingly flattering. How could she, I should like to know, in ordinary language, have given so *exact* and truthful an idea—how expressed so forcibly her opinion (which, of course, differs from mine) on the subject?

As Dr. Samuel Johnson learnedly remarked to James Boswell, Laird of Auchinleck, on a certain occasion—

"Sir, the proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof."

LETTER FROM TONY GAGGLES.

[We print the following letter not because we have any distinct idea of what the writer is driving at, but because a friend to whom we submitted it, says that it is evidently intended as a clever bit of satire.—Ed.]

To the Editor of the Saturday Press:

Knowing that you are of a free and open nature; that you are a just man, and a good, highly generous and magnanimous withal, I take the liberty of so far trespassing upon the innate goodness of your disposition, as to solicit your advice touching a matter to me of the last importance.

Let me state my case; and since, as Polonius says, "brevity is the soul of wit," I will be brief.

I am a literary Bohemian, and am, consequently, an *habitué* of a well-known Bohemian restaurant in Broadway, where, though I say it (who should not say it) my peculiar genius is thoroughly appreciated.

I have the proud satisfaction, Mr. Editor, of knowing that my society is courted, and nowhere is it more so than at the literary and gastronomic resort to which I have alluded.

The moment I set foot in that establishment the "Monroe Doctrine," "Negro Suffrage," "L'Africaine," and even the "Saturday Press" are, for the time being, forgotten, and nothing is heard but, "Ah! here comes Mr. Gaggles." "*Voila Monsieur Gaggles,*" "*Ecce il Signor Gaggles,*" "*Como va, Senor Gaggles!*" and then follows a brisk contention as to which table shall have the felicity of my company.

However, at the earnest and affectionate request of my friend Pfaff, the restaurateur, I have recently put a stop to this unseemly rivalry, by making it a rule to go invariably to the same table.

You may be sure, Mr. Editor, that long before the well-known hour of my arrival draws nigh, the chairs at that table are with avidity appropriated. By common consent, however, there is always a place left vacant for me, and audacious, indeed, must the person be, who would presume to take "Mr. Gaggle's chair."

To give you a faint idea, Mr. Editor, of the keenness with which places at that table are sought, I will relate to you a circumstance which "to me, in dreadful secrecy, did Pfaff impart."

He told me that the other morning he was proceeding to open his restaurant at the usual hour, when no sooner had he unlocked and unbolted the door, than it flew violently open, and before he knew where he was, he found himself sprawling on his back almost crushed to death by six or seven individuals, who had fallen in upon him. As soon as Pfaff, recovering from the shock, had regained his feet, he observed, to his horror and astonishment, these individuals rushing furiously to the garden end of his restaurant. Being unable to account for this extraordinary proceeding, but filled with the most gloomy apprehensions, his first impulse was to cry, "Police, police." His second, however, was to follow the individuals and observe the dénouement, which consisted in a violent struggle for the chairs at the "table," always excepting "Mr. Gaggle's chair," upon which—I say it to their credit—none of them presumed to lay unholy hands. With his usual tact and politeness Pfaff endeavored to restore order, and begged to know the cause of the dispute. It then came out, Mr. Editor, that these wretched individuals, victims to hero-worship, had come at a very early hour to the restaurant, for the purpose of securing places at "the table," each one with the fixed intent that, if he secured a place, he would retain it all day, and thus make sure of the much coveted pleasure of my company in the evening. They had fallen asleep up against the door, hence the suddenness of their entrance.

Police-officer McWatters informed me a few days after this, that while on his beat at four o'clock in the morning, he had noticed these individuals asleep against the door, and had heard them murmuring, "Mr. Gaggles" in their dreams.

The matter in hand, Mr. Editor, has no reference to PFAFF's restaurant; my reason, however, for introducing that establishment is, to impart to you a knowledge of my *locus standi*, that you may be the better able to judge of my position.

Do not, Mr. Editor, think that I am egotistic.

I, Tony Gaggles, egotistic! Perish the thought! Upon that head, hear my friend Job Gapple speak. Job and an acquaintance of his, who, by-the-way, is a little envious of my popularity, were one day discussing "zwei lager" at PFAFF's, when, as usual, the conversation turned upon myself.

"Job," says the other, "what is your honest opinion of Mr. Gaggles?"

"He is e'en as just a man as e'er my conversation coped withal," replied Job, who has an amiable weakness for quoting Shakspeare.

"That's very true," responded the other, "he is just, but don't you think—come now, don't you think he is ever so little—not exactly vain, but egotistic?"

"It is a lie! an odious, damned lie; upon my soul a lie, a wicked lie!" exclaimed Job, springing from his seat, and his eyes flashing fire. "Make me to see it, or so prove it, that the probation bear no loop nor hinge to hang a doubt on," he continued; and as the acquaintance, to his dismay, saw that Job was proceeding to—"he is a man, take him for all in all, etc.,"—he hastily finished his lager and, unperceived, slipped away.

Mr. Editor, I admired Job Zapple when I found him, a quarter of an hour after his friend had left him; he was in a fit of abstraction, saying to the chair opposite him—"Good name in man or woman, dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls."

I trust, Mr. Editor, you will pardon these little digressions, and I will now come to the point.

The matter in very brief is this.—The other day, I received a letter from my friend Ben Dyke. Ben, you must know, is a newspaper publisher, having published newspapers in every State from Maine to Texas; always, however, with this one result—failure. Being unable to account for this frequent occurrence, he inquired of a friend, who, in an evil hour for me, suggested that it was for want of a New York correspondent. Ben at once determined to act upon the suggestion.

Now, Ben is no genius himself, but he has the rare faculty of knowing the article when he sees it, and, therefore, at once said to himself—"Tony Gaggles is in New York. Tony Gaggles shall be New York Correspondent of the SWAGSVILLE GAZETTE."

Such to my horror, Mr. Editor, was the intelligence conveyed to me in Ben's letter.

I say to my horror, for, from my youth up, I have been accustomed to look with feelings of benevolent contempt upon New York correspondents of country newspapers: yet strange to say, have always had a gloomy presentiment, that I was destined, one day, to become a member of that detested fraternity myself, and now the thing which I greatly feared, has come upon me. I don't know what sin I, or my progenitors, have committed that heaven should have reserved this fate for me. As the biographers say, I came of poor but honest parents, and received a plain English education, and, unlike most people, I neither lie nor steal. It is true that in my younger years I once knocked down an old Irish woman's apple-stall over and again that, more recently, I voted for McClellan; but then these as Mr. Greeley himself would acknowledge, are comparatively venial offences, and should not entail a punishment so ridiculously out of proportion as the above.

But stop! I have it!—My father is a railroad superintendent. There, alas! is the original sin, and the miserable conclusion forces itself upon me, that I, not being of the fifth generation, am doomed to suffer for my father's offence, and that the punishment is, that I am to be New York Correspondent of the SWAGSVILLE GAZETTE. Oh, my father! my father! you little thought when you accepted that railroad superintendency, that the consequences would fall so heavily upon your unhappy son!

If you have ever lived in a country town, Mr. Editor, you of course know what is demanded of a New York correspondent—that he is expected to give a rehash of the theatrical gossip, to describe a walk down Broadway, to write a weekly biography of John Jacob Astor, to tell what the ladies wear in the Fifth Avenue, and, above all, to give a plentiful supply of New York scandal.

Mr. Editor, knowing, as you must, that I am engaged in writing a "Biography of Extra Billy Smith," and also a work upon "Negro Suffrage," and knowing too my deep repugnance to becoming a New York correspondent—I say, knowing these facts, cannot you induce some one of your clever contributors to furnish my friend Ben Dyke with a weekly letter, in my name? Come now, can't yer, and oblige, yours till death us do part,

TONY GAGGLES.

THE CHRYSALIS.

In long loose drawers, and stockings without feet,
Wide flannel vest, gray shirt, and nightcap neat,
Wearied mine eyes of sights, of sounds mine ears,
Mine anxious fluttering heart of hopes and fears,
The light put out, and locked my chamber door,
I laid me down upon my bed once more,
To rest, to sleep, to dream, perhaps to snore;
My left cheek heavy on the pillow pressed,
My right arm crossed obliquely on my breast,
Blanket and counterpane tucked tightly in,
Round by the shoulder quite to the ear and chin.
If you had seen me on the park that day
Or at the levée or subscription play,
All bright with diamonds, all alert and gay,
And then been shown that shapeless heap of clothes—
With scarce an air hole left for mouth and nose,
And told it was essentially the same,
The same in spirit, substance, even in name,
How you'd have stared, and rubbed your eyes, and vowed
That freakish nature had at last allowed
To man the privilege of the butterfly,
To cast his figure off, and yet not die,
To flaunt a gaudy insect all the day,
And drone, a senseless grub, the night away!
Where, even in wondrous Ovid, is there change
One half so true, miraculous and strange?

Do not meddle with what does not concern you. Recollect that when the hounds are furiously fighting for a morsel of meat, if they see a jackal pass, they set off together in pursuit of him.

(*From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*)

DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

You saw that he was doomed to disappointment—in the drooping eyelid, in the raised eyebrow, in the seamed forehead, in the shrugged shoulders. You saw it everywhere about him. Melancholy had marked him for her own, as distinctly as small-pox—he was, so to speak, pitted with melancholy. Poor fellow! he was a disappointed man, with all the perverseness and irritability of his tribe strong within him, and an irritable and perverse tribe they are. Nothing pleases them; nothing satisfies them. They have a grudge against the world in general, and they lose no opportunity of paying this grudge off upon any individual member of the world that may come in their way. Of course, disappointment acts differently upon different people. Add blue to yellow, and you get green; but add blue to red, and you get purple. So, one man will wear his disappointment on his sleeve for every one to see, and will try to raise himself to the level of the successful world, by showing that it was only bad-luck and adverse circumstances that kept him down; while another will put his disappointment into his pocket, say nothing about it, and try to bring the world down to his level, by sneering off the merit of its success.

There are, of course, some natures that no disappointment can subdue—men who, though struck down time after time, rise again, and fight on undaunted, till Success, wearied with their importunity, or ashamed to bully them longer, throws up the sponge, and resigns the battle-money. I knew a man of this kind who, after suffering disappointments for a series of years in England, resolved to abandon his ungrateful country, and start in life afresh. Accordingly, leaving his wife and children behind him, and giving way to no such weakness as the consulting of other people's opinions on the step he was taking, which would only have delayed him, or even to communicate the fact of his departure to his nearest and dearest, which perhaps might have prevented his going altogether, he took shipping promptly, and went to Australia. There, determined to make an entirely new beginning, he took a new wife, begot new children, and flourished.

But the disappointed man, proper, has none of this Antæus quality about him. He is a weak creature, who can't stand much punishment; and who, after a buffet or two, resigns himself to his fate, puts his tail between his legs, and for the rest of his life snarls at fortune, at merit, and at all mankind, himself included.

Well, *he* was a disappointed man. And what particular line had disappointment taken in his case? Why, if you asked him, he would tell you that he had been disappointed in every mortal thing. Disappointment dogged his footsteps like a blood-hound, and had done so ever since he was born. He was disappointed in his very cradle. Nay, he was an incarnate disappointment, for he was not only a disappointed man himself, but he had been a disappointment to all who were connected with him. He was a disappointment to his mother, who had wished him to be a girl, and to his maternal grandmother, who had expressed a desire that he should be twins; to his father, who had made up his mind that he would be clever,

and to his uncle, who had cherished the hope that he would be six feet high. It was, he supposed, plain to everybody that he was not a girl, or a pair of twins, or six feet high; and as to being clever, he could take his solemn oath that he was not that. But was that his fault? No, of course it wasn't. He had not the choice of sex or height. If he'd had any voice in the matter, he'd have been twins, because, then, surely one of him would have got on in the world: but pshaw!

Would he mind stating how he had been disappointed?

Why, in everything that a man could be disappointed in, of course.

Well, but in what? Had he been disappointed in his—ambition, say?

Hadn't he? The extent of his ambition was a small farm, at a moderate distance from town, and near a railway station; and had he got it? No, of course he hadn't.

Well, in what else? Had he been disappointed in friendship?

In friendship! Don't talk of it. He could not bear it. In friendship, indeed! He supposed that if a man took up a person, and wore him next his heart, and kept from him neither his personal property nor his personal history, and this person were to abscond, and betray the confidence reposed in him, with regard to the dearest secrets of one's heart, the tenderest emotions of one's nature, the respectability and private history of one's relations—not to mention a pair of sugar-tongs, Hall-marked, a siiver tankard worth pounds, and fifty-four and six in hard money—all of which articles he had been totally unable to recover, though he had brought the case before a judge, who was as blind as Justice to the rights and wrongs of the matter; and before a jury, who were as deaf as adders to the voice of reason and common-sense—he supposed that, after that, a man might be excused for vowing that, for the future, the world should not be his friend, nor the world's law, and for turning his back upon the viper forever.

Ah! very disappointing conduct, truly. But was that the extent of his disappointments? Had he——

Oh! don't ask him. What was the good of re-opening old wounds? He had been the victim of disappointment not only in great matters, such as ambition and friendship, but in those smaller things, to lose which was to lose, so to speak, the ices and the lemonade of life.

What did he mean?

Why, he supposed it was plain enough what he meant.

Would he explain?

Well, he had explained, hadn't he? Or if he hadn't, he didn't know how to explain it better.

Would he give an example, then?

Well, you know, the kind of thing he meant was this. If you asked a boy what was about the most delightful thing he had ever seen, he would most probably answer, his first play. Well, you know, that was one of his disappointments. How did he make that out? Why, he supposed that if a boy were to be taken to a theatre for the first time, and if, after sitting for half an hour, anticipating the most rapturous pleasure when the curtain rose, were to find ten minutes after it rose that the house was on fire, and then had to be dragged to a window by his relatives, and compelled to slip for some hundred yards down a fire-escape, and, when he reached the bottom, to be handed out like a parcel by a fireman, and turned loose into a crowd of dirty people till he was lost, and then had to be taken home ignominiously by a policeman, with the conviction all the while that he was looked upon by every one he met in the light of a person whose crimes had brought him within the grasp of the law—he supposed that that might be considered a disappointment, a serious disappointment. Oh! that was granted, was it? Well, then, perhaps it would also be granted that if a boy, whose dream for years had been a pony, had at last been presented with one by a treacherous relative, who, to gain some mean end, had taken care that the pony should be an unbroken one; and if, directly the boy mounted, the rampant animal had stood perpendicular for full two minutes, making such extraordinary gestures with its fore-legs, that the only conclusion to come to was that it fancied it was delivering a speech upon the corn-laws; and if, after what, to judge from its action, must have been an amazingly eloquent peroration, it had taken the bit between its teeth, and bolted for two miles; and if the beast had chosen to stop exactly opposite the house where the queen of this boy's affections resided, and had then and there rolled—perhaps it would be granted that this was also a disappointment, eh! something like a disappointment? Well, both those cases had been his own; nor were they the worst that he could relate. Disappointment dogged him wherever he went, dropping bitters into the cup of pleasure, and stripping the gilt of the gingerbread of life. Why, what was that, the song of poets, and the theme of romancers, to which youth looked forward with rapture, and which age looked back upon with fond regret? Why, the first kiss of love, of course. Well, there he was done again. Yes, disappointment was beside him there once more. How was he to be always keeping in mind that Amelia was weak in the chest, and that there was a leaning towards consumption in the family? Who can remember those things always?

What had Amelia's weak chest got to do with the first kiss of love?

Why, everything in the world, or else he supposed he shouldn't have mentioned it. What was the good of asking absurd questions like that? Why could not he be allowed to tell his tale as he liked, instead of being put through a kind of catechism, as if he were a charity-child? It cost him pain enough to tell the tale at all, goodness knew. What had Amelia's weak chest got to do with it? Why, if it hadn't been for that, he might, perhaps, have been a very different creature to what we saw him. That sunken cheek might have been plump, that eye gay and lively, that heart and that voice alike unbroken. He might have been—— But it was useless speculating on impossibilities. Amelia had a weak chest, and that was all about it; that was why she always wore two veils when the wind was cold; and when they were out walking together, used commonly to keep her handkerchief pressed to her mouth, so that her part of the conversation was carried on in a singularly muffled, not to say husky, tone of voice. But the voice of love is always sweet; and though to the passer-by there might seem nothing attractive in those half-smothered accents, yet to the lover, his mistress's voice, even when hoarse, discoursed the sweetest harmonies. Now, he must say he thought that after a fellow had been formally accepted, per letter (for a proposal by word of mouth was, he candidly confessed, more than he dared venture upon), by the girl, and after his proposals had been entertained and agreed to in a solemn and unspeakably horrible interview by the family, he must say he thought that a mother with any good feeling would have seen the propriety of sometimes leaving the parties most interested in the affair alone together. But did Amelia's mother do so? Did she act with that propriety? Not a bit of it. The persistent way in which that woman sat and stared at them was shameful. How was a fellow to make love, he should like to know, when he felt that he was being stared at all the while, as if he were acting in a play? For his part, he was one of those people who found love a difficult enough thing to make under the most favorable circumstances, but found the manufacture of the article quite impossible under inspection—especially under the inspection of a neutral woman, who was, in all probability, drawing invidious comparisons between his behavior, and the conduct, when similarly situated, of Amelia's father, deceased, a man of rude and violent bearing. And then, again, was it likely to do him any good, or make him any the more at his ease, to overhear that woman mentioning him, Amelia's intended husband, to her daughter as a young man of, she dared to say, very good principles, but sadly wanting in fire? Household duties did occasionally, of course, call that woman away for a few minutes, that Medusa whose unblushing stare had the power of turning him in this manner into stone, but even then, what security could a man feel with a glass door in the room? Ah, he had felt for years before that disappointment had laid its cold hand upon his shoulder, but never had he felt the icy chill of that fell touch so acutely as on that Sunday afternoon when, that woman having gone to church, and Amelia and himself being alone in the drawing-room, the love which was burning in his heart rose supreme, and passing his arm round her waist, he was about to taste the nectar of her lips, when he perceived on the glass door three white spots, arranged in a pyramidal form—the noses of Amelia's two little brothers and that of their nurse, all livid from intense pressure.

When Amelia and he walked out together, they certainly were alone; but he was bound to say that Amelia's inclinations, as a rule, led her to shops, and how was he to go kissing her in the front of shops, and in the eye of the world? It was out of the question—quite out of the question. Disappointment, as he thought he had mentioned once or twice before, was evidently his portion, and there was nothing for it but to endure patiently.

But did he then never kiss Amelia? Did he quietly yield without an effort? If so, the case was surely less one of disappointment than of neglected opportunity.

No! he had not yielded without an effort.

Then he had kissed her?

Well, no! He did not think it could be said that he had kissed her.

Then, perhaps, she had boxed his ears when he tried—eh?

On the contrary, she had borne it like a lamb The fact was—his nerves had never quite got over the shock—but the fact was, that one fine frosty day he had persuaded Amelia, who had wrapped up carefully, and taken all the precautions that her delicate health required, to leave the streets and shops which in general were the scene of their walks, and to ramble with him in the country. So good an opportunity of sealing his love upon her lips was not to be lost. The bright sunny day, the cold clear air, seemed for once to dispel the clouds of melancholy which usually hung about him like the clouds about the top of Snowdon, and to leave his brow open and free from care, like the summit of the same mountain on one of those rare occasions when it condescends to reveal itself to the eyes of the fortunate traveller, Amelia's hand was on his arm, Amelia's voice was in his ear, Amelia's crinoline rasped his legs, keeping the fact of her sweet presence constantly in his thoughts. Everything that could gladden his heart and rouse his courage was at hand, and, upon his life! his heart was glad, and his courage roused accordingly.

"Amelie," he had exclaimed, with all his overpowering affection gleaming in his eyes, and trembling on his lips—"Amelia, this is a delicious morning!"

Amelia thought the same.

"A morning that makes all the better and nobler feelings of our nature rise to the surface, purifies the air, and kills the slugs."

Amelia quite concurred in this opinion, but pitied the slugs.

"Amelia," he continued, his courage rising still higher as he proceeded—"Amelia, I love you!"

Amelia supposed he did, as he'd asked her to marry him; at least, if he didn't, it was a great shame.

If he didn't! The moment he had longed for was evidently approaching. He squeezed her hand—she returned the pressure. He put his arm round her waist—she did not repel him. He caught her to his breast—she seemed rather to like it. The moment was come! He hurled away his umbrella, raised the two veils with all the impetuosity of his nature, and pressed his glowing lips upon—a respirator! yes, by all that's horrible, a respirator!

Now, wasn't that enough to make a man run wildly across country, whither he knew not, nor cared to know? And was there cause for surprise, that when he came to himself, he found that he was sitting alone by the side of a pond, attaching a heavy brickbat to one end of his handkerchief? But better feelings prevailed.

And was not that something like a disappointment?

Well, really! We were obliged to confess that it certainly was.

Life is this: For a day of joy, you count a month of grief, and for a month of pleasure, you reckon a year of pain. There is no strength except in Allah.

To the poor all things are poor.

(*From the Atlantic Monthly for October.*)

NOËL.*

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

L'Académie surrupet,
Nonobstant l'incorrection,
A la faveur du sujet,
Ture-lure,
N'y fera point de rature;
Noël! ture-lure-lure.

GUI-BARÔZAI.

I.

Quand les astres de Noël
Brillaient, palpitaient au ciel,
Six gaillards, et chacun ivre,
Chantaient gaîment dans le givre,
"Bons amis,
Allons donc chez Agassiz!"

II.

Ces illustres Pèlerins
D'Outre-Mer, adroits et fins,
Se donnant des airs de prêtre,
A l'envi se vantaient d'être
"Bons amis
De Jean Rudolphe Agassiz!"

III.

Œil-de-Perdrix, grand farceur,
Sans reproche et sans pudeur,
Dans son patois de Bourgogne,
Bredouillait comme un ivrogne,
"Bons amis,
J'ai dansé chez Agassiz!"

IV.

Verzenay le Champenois,
Bon Français, point New-Yorquois,
Mais des environs d'Avize,
Fredonne à mainte reprise,
"Bons amis,
J'ai chanté chez Agassiz!"

V.

A côté marchait un vieux
Hidalgo, mais non mousseux;
Dans le temps de Charlemagne
Fut son père Grand d'Espagne!
"Bons amis,
J'ai dîné chez Agassiz!"

VI.

Derrière eux un Bordelais,
Gascon, s'il en fut jamais,
Parfumé de poésie
Riait, chantait plein de vie,
"Bons amis,
J'ai soupé chez Agassiz!"

VII.

Avec ce beau cadet roux,
Bras dessus et bras dessous,
Mine altière et couleur terne,
Vint le Sire de Sauterne:
"Bons amis,
J'ai couché chez Agassiz!"

VIII.

Mais le dernier de ces preux
Était un pauvre Chartreux,
Qui disait, d'un ton robuste,
"Bénédictions sur le Juste!
Bons amis,
Bénissons Père Agassiz!"

IX.

Ils arrivent trois à trois,
Montent l'escalier de bois
Clopin-clopant! quel gendarme
Peut permettre ce vacarme,
Bons amis,
A la porte d'Agassiz!

X.

"Ouvrez donc, mon bon Seigneur,
Ouvrez vite et n'ayez peur;
Ouvrez, ouvrez, car nous sommes
Gens de bien et gentilshommes,
Bons amis
De la famille Agassiz!"

XI.

Chut, ganaches! taisez-vous!
C'en est trop de vos glouglous;
Épargnez aux Philosophes
Vos abominables strophes!
Bons amis,
Respectez mon Agassiz!

* Sent to Mr. Agassiz, with a basket of wine, on Christmas Eve, 1864.

THE REPUBLICAN COURT

IN THE TIME OF WASHINGTON.

This picture, at once noble in its subject, and charming in execution and treatment, is the work of DANIEL HUNTINGTON, President of the National Academy of Design. The original plan did not contemplate a result so broad and comprehensive; it was proposed to represent a social and less formal gathering in Mrs. WASHINGTON'S parlor, some ten or fifteen figures, and those intimate friends, only, being introduced. But as the artist warmed to his work, the subject expanded in his hands, and he very soon found himself engaged upon the elaborate canvas now so happily finished—an official reception during the presidency of GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Mr. HUNTINGTON enjoyed remarkable opportunities for obtaining authentic materials. He not only consulted the more accessible portraits by COPLEY and STUART, the miniatures of MALBONE, and the public records of the time, but was enabled to procure family likenesses from the living descendants of many of his subjects. Several were painted in the very costumes they had worn upon occasions of this kind, the artist working with the mantle or the robe before him. Sometimes, when the resemblance had been transmitted through two generations, a grand-daughter would sit for her grandmother's picture; at others, when a face had been laboriously transferred from parchment or ivory to canvas, an expression, caught from the living features of the grandson or great-niece, would give it character and animation.

The artist and the poet alike claim a certain degree of license, and the world of art and of letters has always willingly granted it. The liberties taken by Mr. HUNTINGTON in this picture with the facts of history are few and immaterial; the slight anachronisms that occur are hardly worthy of notice. The artist's purpose was to represent in one frame the principal statesmen and belles who formed the republican court in Washington's second term: it was not necessary for him to inquire whether all those whom he thus collected together could really have been, on any one day, in any one spot. Indeed, he was well aware that the Duke of Kent could not have met the Duke of Orleans in Philadelphia; but as they were both present at presidential receptions during one presidential term, the liberty taken is a harmless one. So is the introduction of General Greene, one of the strong figures of the Revolution, who had died shortly before this period. With one or two exceptions of this nature, the rights of chronology have been scrupulously respected.

To the public is left the decision—where of course it properly belongs—in regard to the merits of this work. It is not doubted, however, that it will vastly enhance the artist's already national reputation, and revive the public interest in the heroic epoch of our history.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1865.

NEW FORM OF ALLEGIANCE.

I hereby solemnly subscribe to the CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES for life, and to the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS for one year—promising to renew my subscription to the latter as often as called upon.

Witness my hand and "GREEN SEAL" this —— of —— A. D. ——

NAME, ——— ———

ADDRESS, ——— ———

Any person filling up the above form, enclosing the sum of three dollars, and forwarding the same to this office, will give a proof of his loyalty and intelligence which will place him (in our opinion) in the first rank of American citizens.

NOTICE.

Our theatrical and other friends will please take notice that advertisements for THE SATURDAY PRESS should be sent in, when practicable, on Thursday, and that the latest hour when they can be received, is 10 o'clock on Friday morning.

If we printed a smaller edition of the paper, advertisements could be received as by the other weeklies, much later; but such has been the increase of our circulation, in and out of the city, that we have to be ready for press by Friday noon.

"REMARKS ON HULL."—A correspondent in Boston has sent us an article under the above title which we are compelled to decline on the ground that, although the subject has always been an absorbing one in Massachusetts, it has to give way, in other States, to matters of more general concern.

"CLUB SAUCE."—A new article of this description has been sent to us this week from a house in Union Square, and we had intended to reproduce a notice of it from the ATHENÆUM.

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.—The HERALD having succeeded in compelling the theatres, etc., to purchase "THE PLAY BILL", and patronize its job printing office, it is said that Mr. BENNETT now contemplates opening several other business establishments on the same basis, including, among others, a barber's shop, a ready-made clothing store, several bar-rooms, a billiard saloon, and a lottery office. All persons connected directly or indirectly with our places of amusement will be expected by the HERALD to patronize these establishments under penalty of being taboo'd.

There is talk of a line of steamers between Philadelphia and Liverpool. The line between Charleston and Liverpool, of which we heard so much for years, turned out—as the old SATURDAY PRESS predicted it would—to be a "Canard Line." Let us hope that the Philadelphians will be more enterprising.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

Is not the negro a man and a brother?—ED. N. Y. INDEPENDENT.

He may be your brother or half-brother—he is no relation of ours.—ED. LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

How is that, Mr. Prentice? We thought he was your brother-*in-law*, at any rate.—ED. SAT. PRESS.

A NEW NATION IN PROSPECT.

FRIEND CLAPP:

I do not hear whether THE NATION has adopted your hint to change its name, on the ground that there are no lady writers on its list, to "THE STAG-NATION:" but I understand the suggestion has had its effect among the ladies themselves, and that they propose levying a general contribution immediately with a view to start a paper of their own to be called, "for this and other reasons," THE DOE-NATION.

Yours, &c.,

PHILO-FIGARO.

THE NEWS AGENTS.

It is reported that BRENTANO is about to sell out his extensive newspaper agency, with the intention of confining himself hereafter exclusively to the book business. The KIRBY'S, who commenced in the newspaper line, gave it up some time ago, and have now the best book-store in Broadway. ROGERS, who had one of the best newspaper establishments up-town for several years—and still has a good one—confines most of his attention to his Circulating Library, which numbers its subscribers by the thousand.

This newspaper business requires such activity and tact that a man who succeeds in it is qualified for almost any enterprise he may undertake. We shouldn't be surprised to find BRENTANO turn up any day as a banker.

"JOSH BILLINGS."—This inimitable humorist has collected together a volume of his sayings, which will be published in course of the season by Mr. CARLETON, of this city. We expect soon to welcome JOSH to the columns of THE SATURDAY PRESS. Meantime, we see that he means to take to the rostrum again, and is now ready with a characteristic lecture, entitled, "PONTOON PHILOSOPHY." Lyceums, mercantile libraries, literary institutions, Young Men's Christian Associations, etc., will do well to take notice. Address JOSH BILLINGS, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"F. W. H." is respectfully informed that No. 1 of the new issue of the SATURDAY PRESS has been out of print this three weeks. The proposition to print another edition is a good one, but we have no time, at present, to attend to it. It is pleasant to us to find everybody looking so earnestly after No. 1, but we call their especial attention to No. 8.

The flash reporting business, which was all the rage with the daily papers for a few weeks, appears to have nearly died out. There is a little show of it in the WORLD, now and then, but it was a wretched provincial dodge at best, and the provincials employed to do it are already played out. Let them be paid off, now, and sent home.

Findeboutdeville.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

BY FIGARO.

Wallack's Theatre was reopened for the regular season on Thursday night.

All the fashionable people were there in their best clothes, and Mr. Lester was on hand, in full evening costume, to receive them.

The leading critics turned out in white waistcoats and cream-colored kids.

The Chancellor of the Exchange (Moss), and his aids, I saw but a moment, but they appeared to be dressed in greenbacks.

Sefton, the indefatigable man of all work, was invisible to the naked eye.

Larry, the door-keeper, was as comely and gracious as ever, and seemed as one who would say, "It is better to be a door-keeper in the house of Wallack, than a dweller in the tents even of Nixon."

The theatre had been handsomely re-decorated—all the gas of the establishment was in full blaze—the actors looked as if they had plied their vacation lustily—the orchestra was wide-awake, enthusiastic, and Yankee-doodley—and all that was wanted to make the evening pass off gaily, was a bright, sparkling, touch-and-go comedy.

This, however, it would seem, was not to be had, so we were offered in its place a somewhat oppressive drama, got up in partial imitation of "The Lady of Lyons."

I didn't wait to see the piece through, having by some accident lost my ticket, and finding the lofty seat offered me by one of the ushers, too much like a "stool of repentance."

The name of the piece is "The Serf," and the principal action of it is in St. Petersburg.

I remember reading about it some time ago, and thinking that a better name than "The Serf" would be "The Lady of Lyons bound in Russia."

Still, it contains some strong situations, and while all accounts agree that Wallack can hardly entertain his guests with it for more than a week or two, they also agree that his company give a powerful representation of it, and that, when pared down a little, it will be worth seeing at least "once."

I think I must go some evening and see for myself.

Meantime, I rejoice that the favorite theatre is open again, and take pleasure in complimenting all concerned on its elegant and cheerful appearance.

What a pity that the Veteran himself—bless his memory—could not have been there the other night to see how many of his old friends still cling to the place, and hasten at the opening of its portals to do honor to his name.

It hardly seems a figure of speech to say that among all the gay thousands who flocked there on Thursday, there was scarcely one but brought an offering to lay upon his tomb.

In respect to the other theatres, and places of amusement generally, there is little to say.

Charles Kean concluded his splendid engagement at the Broadway last night, playing Richard III.

I saw his performance of Louis XI. again, early in the week, and have no hesitation, now, in saying that it is the greatest piece of acting I have ever seen, although I have seen several much greater actors.

Reconcile the two branches of the statement as best you can, Mr. Editor.

I may explain some other time.

This afternoon and evening—if I read the announcements right—we are to have a representation of Richelieu, at the Broadway, by a new tragedian (new here at least) named Boothroyd Fairclough.

But I confess that the announcements bother me, and I am not sure but we are to have another farewell performance by Mr. Kean.

All that is certain about the theatre is that the world-famous M'me Celeste is to commence a short engagement there on Monday, after which we are to have Frank Chanfrau in De Walden's new comedy of "Sam."—[Please note that "Sam" has just been played with great success in Indianapolis, and that one of the local journals intimates that a play which has secured the favor of an Indianapolitan is good the world over.]

The Celestial programme at the Broadway opens with Sterling Coyne's powerful drama, entitled, "The Woman in Red,"—the rubric part in the piece to be played, of course, by Celeste herself.

The English papers seem to concede unanimously her greatness in the part, and there can scarcely be a doubt that it is a performance of intense interest.

Gabriel and Antoine Ravel, with a tolerable good troupe of pantominists, and a very strong one of dancers, commenced an engagement at Niblo's last Monday night, and are having by far the largest houses in town.

The entertainment has been rather a weak one, thus far, but the magic name of the Ravels will fill any theatre in the world.

In fact, to see either Gabriel or Antoine, no matter in what character, is a rich treat of itself.

I drop in at Niblo's myself, every chance I can get, just to see about three minutes of Antoine.

I believe "Young America" is also considered a great attraction, and he is certainly a prodigy in his way; but in the matter of gymnastics (which is his forte, at present), I have been spoiled by the Hanlons. [By the way, where are the Hanlons? The last I heard of them, they were creating an immense furore in Chicago. Alfred had recovered from his fall in St. Louis, and the five brothers were working together superbly.]

Don't forget, by the way, that there is to be a Ravel Matinée at Niblo's to-day, and be sure and take all the young folks there.

Then, if you want to have a good rollicking time in the evening, go to the Winter Garden, and see Clarke's Major-de-Boots, and Toodles. The new door-keeper there (he is a marvellously polite gentleman, by the way), tells me it may be our last chance, as next Monday there is to be a change of bill.

Apropos of Matinées, Herrmann gives his farewell one at the Academy to-day, and if you haven't seen him, you have missed seeing incomparably the greatest magician living.

Finally, Mr. Editor, don't forget that Parepa sings for the last time to-night, and that on Monday Maretzek opens his opera season.

Also, that the first public rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society will take place at the Academy of Music on Saturday, October 7th.

What more need be said on these topics?

Parepa has already established her fame as the greatest cantatrice we have had in the country since Jenny Lind: everybody who has read Maretzek's programme knows that the opera season will be brilliant; while, as for the Philharmonic people,—only protect them from the rain, and they will take care of themselves.

The first opera we are to have is "Faust," with Miss Kellogg, (whom the HERALD tried to drive from the boards last season, you remember well with what result), Miss Adelaide Phillips, Signor Bellini, and the new tenor Signor Irfre.

But hold, here I am at the end of my chapter, without having even alluded to your friends at the Olympic.

But what can I say, except that "Pocahontas" still continues to draw and charm crowded houses, and that if there were ever a doubt as to Mrs. John Wood being the best and most fascinating burlesque actress in the land, it is now settled at least in the mind of

FIGARO.

(For the Saturday Press.)

RAIN-DROPS.

Like a bedraggled funeral train,
In rusty sable, through the rain
The crows in dreary lines go by.
The drops roll off the sodden leaf
As if each tree had come to grief,
And lacked a pocket-handkerchief
To "wipe its weeping eye."

An owl, who dares not venture off—
Her children having whooping-cough—
Upon her usual nightly chase,
"Sings for her supper," ill at ease;
All unaware, poor bird, that she's
A victim to the same disease,
And quite a chronic case!

A cricket and a katy-did,
Beneath an old root scantly hid,
With whistles very wet, alas!
Are telling, in a maudlin squeak,
A toad, who's too far gone to speak,
Some dismal joke about a *leek*
Outside among the grass.

The gamesters, who, whene'er they play
In their queer slang are wont to say:
"Down with your 'dust,' my boy, 's the rule!"
If on this road to play inclined,
Would see the 'dust' all down, and find
No man could 'pass,' but left behind
A shining little 'pool.'

Longfellow, Bard of Faneuil Hall,
Asserts that rain *must* sometimes fall;
Some days *must* dark and dreary be:
And I confess, *I* see no great
Poetic license in *this* state-
Ment of the Bard, at any rate,
Whatever others see!

So, why not wisely let it rain—
doing as they do in Spain?
And thus, I know, they always do!
For, on my honor, I declare
I've built me many a castle there,
And, therefore, can with safety swear,
That what I state is true!

C. D. GARDETTE.

We learn on good authority that a new Irish Society is about to be organized in this city, having the same object in view as the Fenians. It is to be called, "The Independent Order of Hod Fellows." Every member is expected to be a brick. The insignia of the order, it is said, will be similar to the Mason's.

AMERICANS ABROAD.—We notice that nearly all Americans who travel in Europe put up at American hotels, and frequent generally places where Americans most do congregate. But is it really worth while for our countrymen to travel so far, and spend so much money, just to see Americans when so many of them can be seen,—and for nothing—by simply staying at home? Why, they can be seen in tolerably good numbers even in New York.

We are indebted to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields for advance copies of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY and OUR YOUNG FOLKS' MAGAZINE for October, but they come to hand too late for us to much more than acknowledge their receipt. Longfellow has a delicious French poem in the MONTHLY, which will be found in another column. OUR YOUNG FOLKS' MAGAZINE is always entertaining, and is the best periodical for children which we have ever seen. The illustrations in it, especially, are admirable.

People who found so much fault with MRS. GRUNDY ought to examine the two last numbers of PUNCH. Worse jokes, worse drawings, worse engraving, worse printing, than they exhibit, it would be difficult to imagine. We never had the honor of being on the staff of MRS. GRUNDY, but we saw the paper regularly and have no hesitation in saying that as compared with PUNCH in its present condition, it was a most humorous and excellent sheet.

The Fenian Brotherhood is said to be getting so strong in Cork that that city will soon be withdrawn from British control. The only difficulty in the way is the want of a corkscrew.

The saying "Great Cry and Little Wool" has gone out of use in England since the Confederate Loan explosion, and we hear now only of "Great Cry and little Cotton."

THUS FAR AND NO FATHER.—The City Council of Chicago have been on a visit to New York during the week to see our city fathers, but have found only a pack of city politicians.

The city having been cheated out of its its census by Mr. DEPEW, is now being cheated out of its senses by Mr. HERRMANN.

UNION PIANOS.—In the opinion of all judges the AMERICAN UNION PIANO challenges competition with the finest instruments that have been produced. The tones evoked by a skillful performer, according to the register from which they sounded, were marvelously clear and sweet, or full, deep and sonorous. In listening to them one felt how much the enjoyment of music depends upon the mere machine from which it is produced. A poor piano will mar, if it does not destroy, the effect of the best playing in the world. It will swamp—*abîmer* as the French say—the finest genius. On the other hand, the pure and delicious notes of a well-constructed instrument have harmony enough in themselves to give through their own intrinsic sweetness a charm even to an inferior performance. The AMERICAN UNION PIANO possesses rare qualities. It is not only highly perfected in intonation, but claims to be unusually durable and capable of resisting the disturbing influences of temperature, climate, &c. Besides, the UNION COMPANY, in consequence of their democratic and self-protective organization, can afford to sell their instruments at a less price than they could be obtained for, if in the hands of private individuals. They may safely be pronounced a most valuable acquisition to the musical world. The manufacturer of the AMERICAN UNION COMPANY PIANO is Mr. Davies. The rooms of the Company are No. 497 Broome street, corner of Greene street.

ALL FOR LAWN!

I have a dear little wife,
Who is all for lawn,
For lawn!
Nor satins nor silks will she wear,
And velvets she says she can't bear,
But it's sad to see one so fair
All for lawn,
For lawn!

"If I'm pretty, love," says she,
"Why then adorn?
Why adorn?
Ah! if others only knew
Of beauty the secret, like you,
How soon, my dear, would they too
Be for lawn,
For lawn!

"Let the ugly wear satins and silks
Night and morn,
Night and morn,
For they'll then have something to show;
But as for myself, I know
Just what I'm about when I go
All for lawn,
For lawn!"

And my charming little wife,
Yester-morn,
Yester-morn,
Tapped me gently on the chin,
And asked if I thought her green,
That she from the first had been
All for lawn,
For lawn!

I answered her with a kiss;
But I'll be sworn,
Be sworn
(For it leaked through her glistening eyes),
That it's because my means suffice
For naught else, that she gayly cries,
"I'm for lawn,
For lawn!"

FIGARO.

(*From Chamber's Journal.*)

SECOND FIDDLES.

Of all instruments, from the grand organ to the penny whistle, that which perhaps is held in least estimation among men is the Second Fiddle. Even those who play upon it themselves, now and then—and even oftener—no sooner perceive it in the hands of another performer, than they cannot conceal their contempt for it: it is not his execution that they find fault with, for, indeed, the better he understands his calling, the more they sneer, but that he should make use of that channel of melody at all. They pelt him openly with a number of opprobrious names—Toady, Snob, Fawner, Sycophant; they whisper to one another still worse epithets, for which they are indebted to the venerable Dean Swift; and at every note he evokes from his unpretentious violin, they nudge one another's elbows.

Now, although, for my own part, I have always played upon an independent little Jews-harp of my own, without aspiring to the instrument in question, yet I cannot withhold my admiration from the performers upon the Second Fiddle. Not only are they the most diligent and persevering of all social musicians, unabashed by failure, and, if unhappily out of tune with their leader, endeavoring to remedy that defect with all meekness; but there is something pathetic, in my eyes, in their despised calling. There is a vulgar-looking person with a pan's-pipe—but not healthily vulgar, only mean—who accompanies *Punch* in his theatre, and does what he can with his commonplaces to rob that exquisite spectacle of its enchantments. Now and then he asks Mr. *Punch* a question, and elicits in reply a stinging epigram, in high falsetto, from the popular favorite, which sinks him lower than ever in public opinion. This degraded being, however, collects the money which is paid by the spectators, and doubtless keeps some of it for himself; whereas the musicians I have in my mind receive contempt without reward. All the money, as well as the adulation, is paid directly to the principal performer; it never touches the hand of him of the Second Fiddle, even *in transitu*. There is surely something touching in this labor without pay or praise; in these struggles without any acknowledgment! It is not to be supposed, of course, that the public should go into raptures with efforts which, it is well understood, are directed solely to please the first fiddle; but when *he* evinces no satisfaction—and he scarcely ever does—I confess it makes my heart bleed. I am sure that if any gentleman would give himself up, soul and body, to the task of making himself agreeable to *me*, that I should be at least affable and condescending. If he never contradicted me, and was always sanguine about what was going to happen, and continually expressed his belief that I was the most humorous writer now alive, I feel certain I should smile upon him in return. I never had but one admirer, a pointer-dog of the name of Jock, but I fully reciprocated his undeserved esteem; I would not have rejected his simple methods of ingratiation for a great deal of money; his dear old jaws used to nestle in my best waistcoats, and slobber them without the least reproof. When he died, I wrote his epitaph, and the esteemed relative to whom he belonged had the same engraved upon a tombstone, at an expense which, when the bill came in, I believe a little astonished her. I had nothing to do with *that*. Neither my actions nor my feelings, with regard to that departed dog, have given me since the least uneasiness. He faithfully played the Second Fiddle, and I was truly grateful to him for the accompaniment.

This gratitude is, however, far from common. I have had the misfortune to meet a certain literary person more than once, whom to name would be to offend. Let every reader fill up the hiatus with any private enemy of his own who writes for bread and butter. This gentleman lived after his time; I say 'lived,' for, excepting in the sense in which genius is said to be immortal, he lives no longer. He ought to have been the contemporary of Savage, but I am sorry to say he was mine instead. He was born to hector in a pot-house, and he accomplished his rôle whenever the opportunity occurred; when it did not occur, he generally managed to make the opportunity. In liquor, the subjects of his conversation were three: his family, his literary works, and himself; out of liquor—but as I only met him twice, I should have been fortunate indeed to have seen him in that condition; I only speak of what I saw. Remarkable as this man was for the above attributes (considering the epoch in which he flourished), he was still more noteworthy from the number of Second Fiddles which always waited upon him. If, being deserted by the gods, it struck you to ask this professor of the *belles-lettres* to dinner, the invitation had to be extended to certain lieutenants. Egotistic as he was, he could not perpetuate his solo without the assistance of their sweet voices. They led the conversation into an Ancestral channel, which introduced his Family; they discoursed of Literature, which introduced his Works; and finally, they proposed his Health, which introduced Himself. Conceive a Johnson, filled, not with genius, but with whiskey and 'brought out' by several Boswells. The humiliation of the whole company—speaker, toadies, host, and guests—of course extended to myself; but amid my blushes, I did entertain a sentiment of pity for the miserable 'led captains.' That old-world title admirably suited with their condition. They were treated by their lord and master with a brutality only to be paralleled in the manners of two centuries ago. In the very act of subservience, they were snubbed by the voice of him to whom they tendered homage; they bent before him, and he set his foot upon their necks. I protest that a sympathetic shudder communicated itself to my own vertebræ. I could have forgiven the man his vulgar braggadocio; I could have placed his state of intoxication as a set-off against his bad manners; but when in his egotistic frenzy he tore his very parasites from their hold, and ground them with his heel, as they still clung, as it were, about his ancles, then I gave the wretch up, and hardened my heart against him for ever. A man that would thus shatter his own Second Fiddles would murder his mother. Surely, if there be any law of compensation in human affairs, these unhappy Echoes will be one day given a voice of their own, and permission to use it.

Of course, the Second Fiddles who are professional persons, stand on quite other ground. Even the Church does not disdain to employ such instruments in her harmonious cosmogony. In the place of worship in which it is my privilege to rent a few sittings, there are three of those inferior violins, called curates Their spiritual and temporal master, the rector, is understood to possess the gift of pulpit eloquence, and he himself endorses the congregational opinion: it is as impossible for a young woman to be unaware of her beauty, as for a divine not to know that he is persuasive. If the former can get a plain female cousin to go about with her, so much the better; if the latter can procure a curate who has a slight impediment in his speech, his own orations derive advantage. The 'delivery' of our rector is held to be particularly beautiful: of the three curates, one has a slight lisp; another has so weak a voice that he cannot be heard beyond the second pillar; and the third (doubtless from some conscientious motive) refuses to aspirate his 'h*s*.' We have had less decrepit specimens, and more satisfactory to the congregation at large, but, somehow or other, they have always failed to satisfy their superior. Some of them have been good-looking young fellows enough, with an earnest air, and impressive manners, but the fact is, that our rector was not anxious to retain these seraphines; he wanted Second Fiddles; and now he has got them, 'which nobody (as the song says) can deny who has ever listened to them.' They read prayers when he is advertised to preach;

they are only allowed to deliver a sermon at afternoon service, when few except nursery-maids are present; and, the bronchial tubes having before now proved the channels of clerical popularity, they are forbidden to have interesting diseases. An old pew-opener, who is a motherly sort of person, and has recommended some decoction of her own to the one with the weak voice, is the only individual beside myself who takes any interest in these young divines. As for me, their very appearance strikes me as infinitely more pathetic than our rector's most elaborate periods. I go to church in the afternoon by preference; and if any decoction would cure a lisp, or furnish a gentleman with a sufficiency of aspirates, I would procure it at any expense within my means.

Nature has put it out of my power to venture upon the perfidious seas without the most frightful results; therefore I can say nothing of my own knowledge about the Second Fiddles of Her Majesty's navy; I am told, however, that there is a particularly large supply of that instrument to be found on board ship. These are made, too, upon a capital plan; they are reversible: upon one side, which is always presented to an inferior, they represent first fiddles. Thus, the captain, except on the rare occasions when the admiral comes on board, sees nothing but Second Fiddles; whereas the powder-monkeys see nothing but first. A curious optical illusion.

I have also no personal experience of how this matter is managed at the bar, but from the published reports of law-cases, I should imagine that the Second Fiddle system is there to be witnessed in perfection. "For the plaintiffs, Mr. Glib, Q. C.; Messrs. Singsmall and Nocount were also retained on the same side." Mr. Glib, we read, made "a powerful appeal," which occupies a column and a-half of the newspaper. "Mr. Singsmall made a few observations. Mr. Nocount followed." The observations are not printed, so that we do not know whither Mr. Nocount went. This want of public acknowledgment is to me excessively touching. I dare say, the two juniors knew a great deal more about the plaintiff's case than Mr. Glib, Q. C. I am quite sure they gave it a great deal more consideration. They talked of it, walking arm-in-arm under that wretched little portico which runs round our Courts of Chancery; they discussed it on that neglected lawn where awkward squads of the Devil's Own are forever taking their sad pleasure; and although they looked at the matter from every possible point of view, and exhausted it, they never hinted to one another, they never entertained in their own bosoms, the desirability of cutting Glib's throat. These are the men that have *my* sympathy; and if I had a Chancery case to-morrow (which, I am thankful to say, I have not), I would instruct my attorney to let Singsmall have his chance. There is nothing mean or fawning about him; he is only possessed by a divine patience.

No eye, perhaps, that does not belong to a member of the faculty, has ever witnessed a medical consultation between a family doctor and the expert who has been called in at a crisis; the profession is bound to secrecy; otherwise, a very pretty illustration of our subject might, I should think, be borrowed from *that* source. These gentlemen always take lunch together, and both wine-glasses are made use of; but whether the inferior violin discourses any thin music—whether there is *consultation* in short, or only didactic monologue, that is more than I can say. My own belief is, that No. 1 makes some remark upon the quality of the liquor, with which No. 2 hastens to agree; that at the expiration of what No. 1 considers a decent interval, he winks, whereat the other smiles with intelligent subservience; then out they come in proper order, and with supernatural gravity, and the first fiddle remarks: "The case could not be left in better hands than these in which he found it: every remedy known to science has been employed, and the rest must be left to Nature." The appearance of No. 2 during these observations is that of a gentleman who is receiving knighthood from the blade of his sovereign. Altogether, the Second Fiddle medical is the least to be pitied of all that class of instrument.

I protest I would far rather be one of the above than any of the same description who belong, for instance, to the parliamentary band at St. Stephen's. You, my Chartist friend, who demand not only to elect a representative, but to sit, perchance, in the Commons House yourself, you know not what you ask. It is possible that your own talents may entitle you to a leadership; but there is your brother, at least, who is not equally gifted—let us take *his* case. He never gets to his attic, during the whole session, until two o'clock, A. M. If he leaves the hall of senators before that time, the whipper in is swiftly upon his track. He is given huge crude blue-books to devour, not for his own intellectual aliment, but for that of his chief's; like a mother, who only consults the well-being of her babe, and avoids cucumber and pickled salmon, he must shun all pleasurable reading, and collect facts only to nourish another at second-hand. I would rather, for my part, feed a baby, if my sex permitted my so doing, than 'cram' a minister of state with spoon-meat of this sort. In the one case, you do, at all events, get credit for what you do: whereas, in the other, what happens? You have the satisfaction of reading in the morning paper that your political master, "in reference to the internal affairs of San Marino, made one of those pellucid digests of our foreign policy with which his reputation is associated."

This is not pleasant; but, as has been said, you may be second fiddle in any *professional* walk of life without discredit. You may be humble without cringing. It is only those who volunteer a symphony upon this despised instrument that are looked down upon. Rare as is playing upon the violin among females, not a few of them, such as Companions and Poor Relations, are compelled to adopt the second fiddle for a livelihood; nobody, I hope, ventures to sneer at them for so doing. The hearts of all true gentlemen feel for these, and their hands fly to their hats. But when a male, who could dig, and I should fancy would not be ashamed to beg, undertakes, instead, a menial situation of this kind, how that poor fellow gets despised! Even when he does not do it for a livelihood, but simply because it is his barnacle-nature thus ingloriously to adhere to a fellow-creature, what severe things, and especially by those who occasionally adopt the same line of business, are said of him. However, there is one bosom, within the waistcoat of the present writer, which entertains far other sentiments. When I hear the unambitious twangings of these genuine base viols, my whole soul melts with pity. I cannot fancy a situation more deserving of a good man's tear. To live without sympathy is, we are told, exceedingly difficult; but to have to simulate it before a too discerning world, and towards a patron who perhaps treats it with ridicule after all—— Let my fellow-countrymen pity poor needlewomen, Poles, Female Blondins—I reserve *my* compassion for the second fiddles. Talk of negro bondage, why negroes enjoy themselves occasionally. Some people lose their appetites for the whole day, if they chance to see an ox overdriven, or a small dog set upon by a larger one: it is the humiliation of Man which spoils *my* dinner.

I have just seen one of the saddest sights, from my point of view, in all London. You have doubtless beheld these one or two private coaches-and-four—drags, I believe, they are called—which, like spectres of the Four-in-hand Club, still haunt the park-drive, and strive to resuscitate the last century. Well, there is one left in town even now, in this September month, and of course there is a man to drive it. I find no fault with him whatever. If a being, who is intended to be a rational creature, derives pleasure from holding in one hand about a hundredweight of leather reins in the dog-days, by all means let him hold them. There are also two footmen, faultlessly attired, who sit with folded arms, serene, upon the hind-seat: they are only earning their livelihood. But besides these, there is, unhappily, a dependent swell, who sits next the driver, and who can surely derive neither pleasure nor profit from such a situation. He is as calm and majestic to look at as his companion, but it is impossible that he can be happy. *He* has no pride in the four "tits" which spank along so merrily; they are not his property; they are no amusement to him; he has no instrument with which to flick a fly off the near leader's ear. There is some danger in his high position, but surely little glory. The very grooms cast supercilious glances at him from under their cockaded hats. The coach with the inside blinds up, as though it contained a corpse, is a striking sight; an empty carriage with four horses to draw it, may excite the interest of the economist, as an example of waste of power: the driver's science may possibly evoke from the passing moralist some such quotation as—

A Grecian youth of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philosophic care
Had formed for virtue's nobler view,
By precepts and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill,
To curb the steed and guide the wheel.

Bot as to the poor fellow to the left of the box-seat, he interests nobody but me—he spoils nobody's dinner except mine. Nobody inquires Who he is, or What he is, for everybody knows—He is a Second Fiddle.

When a woman has adorned her eyes with kohol and dyed her fingers with henna, and has chewed mesteka, which perfumes the breath and whitens the teeth, she becomes more pleasing in the sight of Allah; for she is then more beloved of her husband.

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
What was I born for? "For Somebody's wife"
I am told by my mother. Well, that being true,
"Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view;
And if nought but marriage will settle my fate,
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state.
For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman IS?—
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz:
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain
He who seeks for perfection will seek HERE in vain.
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,
And I should not feel grateful, "for better or worse,"
To take the first Booby that graciously came
And offered those treasures, his home and his name.
I think, then, my chances of marriage are small,
But why should I think of such chances at all?
My brothers are, all of them, younger than I,
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let ME try?
I know that in business I'm not an adept,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept.
But—this is the question that puzzles my mind—
Why am I not trained up to work of some kind?
Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife?"

BROKEN HEARTS.

It is nothing new to say that there exists a large mass of popular expressions and little phrases to which no definite meaning—or, more technically speaking, no fixed connotation—is attached. They are used because they convey a popular idea to the popular mind; they are vague traditional forms that conveniently serve to conceal, or at least to gloss over, an ignorance of cause and effect. All understand them, or fancy they do. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico;* and it is probably for this reason that they are so widely spread and so deeply rooted. Without exactly telling us anything, they pretend to tell us a great deal. They sound well and often, when applied to subtler subjects, they appear royal roads to mental analysis, or do duty as psychological ready-reckoners. Of this class of expressions there is none more frequently used and abused than that of "a broken heart." There is a deep mysterious charm brooding over these words, from whose influence not only the many, but even certain select writers of poetry and novels, are unable to escape. They suggest all manner of deep, dark thoughts—of headlong careers and tragical ends. They may explain almost every act of eccentricity, or of moral obliquity. It seems that any extraordinary deed for which no other satisfactory motive can be found, may, by a kind of exhaustive process, be safely referred to a broken heart. This is a comfortable and philanthropical manner of discovering the mainspring of human actions in cases which, if otherwise treated, might lead us to a harsher conclusion. It seems also what might be expected in an age one of whose chief tendencies it is to regard every kind of crime, murder included, as the abnormal development of some natural propensity. The only doubt is, whether notions of comfort and philanthropy may not be carried too far.

In the poetry of Byron, and more especially of his imitators, who were bewildered and attracted by the *bizarreries* of their self-adopted master, broken hearts and blighted beings saw their palmiest days. They were the centre-points of interest in each episode, to which verything else was subordinate. But a reaction followed. Readers and writers alike became nauseated with this drawing-room sans-culottism, and, as a consequence, poetical productions became more vigorous and healthy On this change of character in its poetry, the present age cannot congratulate itself too much. But the doctrine of the broken heart is not yet extinct in English literature. It reappears in a different dress, while it is radically the same; it is not enunciated with its former boldness, but still it is there. In certain novels of the *Guy Livingstone* stamp, it is by no means uncommon to meet with some interesting Hercules, who, in spite of his adamantine frame and rampant superfluity of muscle, has yet had his mighty spirit crushed within him; and it is an interesting study to observe the different forms in which his soul's despair will develop itself. One, who unites the simplicity of a babe with the biceps of a giant, will comfort his wounded life by sitting late on into the night, and, with the perpetual cigar in his mouth, staring strangely at the fire. Occasionally, he seeks diversion by some perilous cross-country ride, during which he takes the most desperate leaps, or casually pounds to a jelly some refractory farmer who has a natural objection to seeing his young crops trodden down. But a man who has a broken heart has surely a right to break other people's bones. Yet in the end he dies quietly in his bed; a gentle smile breaks over that stern face, his lips murmur the name of her who has marred his being, and the brave spirit is gone. All this is innocent enough. Another giant, whose nature is less lily-like, seeks consolation in a different way. He will generally leave England, will visit the various hells of Europe, will lose thousands per night, or gaining them, will curse his good luck. Eventually, he may fancy seduction or murder, and will thus end his chequered career—a noble being wrecked by the breezes of an evil fate. But is not she who shrouded his life in gloom to be held responsible for his darker deeds? These, however, are instances of the high heroic kind which can but seldom be met with among ordinary mortals. The broken heart, as seen in the less exalted being, must be repaired, if at all, with a less costly cement. It may be well to consider the origin and the consequences of the catastrophe which this expression is popularly used to denote.

The heart is a tender article, and must be gently handled; and the causes which will produce its fracture are various. When a man whose life has previously been characterized by vigor, energy, and general liveliness, on meeting with some untoward event—the death, it may be, or the infidelity of his wife, or perhaps the failure of some speculation which was to make him a millionaire or a pauper—falls henceforth into a state of moody inactivity, of indisposition to intercouse with his fellowmen; the change which thus comes over his whole character is often accounted for by saying that "his heart is broken." Now, the meaning of this simply is that the affliction, or the sense of shame, or the disappointment, is such that he finds he does less violence to himself by succumbing without a struggle than he would were he to endeavor to shake off the chains of his sorrow. The stouter the stuff of which a man is made, the less likely is he to bear about him the traces of a broken heart. Again, just as illness is not without its sweets to children and weak-minded adults, who like to be regarded as interesting sufferers and made much of, so, too, the escape from the more onerous duties of life, under the plea of an all-engrossing woe, will go no inconsiderable way towards soothing the melancholy of the heart-broken man. He is at liberty to follow his own humor, at the expense of society, in everything; he may talk when and as he likes, or, if he chooses, he may be silent. Should he think fit to indulge a cynical vein, his bitterest sarcasms will be excused on the ground of his irremedial grief. He is, in fact, licensed to bore both himself and those about him to any extent. It is, of course, impossible for a man who is suffering under any great trial to conceal all traces of it in his outward demeanor; it is very natural and very pardonable that, for a time at least, he should wish to withdraw from scenes and from society, in which he has been accustomed to mix, but which have now become uncongenial to him. We are far from setting up as a model the ideal character in the *Republic*, which, through reason of its own all-sufficient virtue, refuses to be seriously affected by sublunary sorrows, such as the death of a relative or a friend; nor is there much chance that human nature will ever attain to such stoical perfection. The belief that it is better to strive to perform one's duty to society, even in the midst of the sever est affliction, than to sink unresistingly into a slough of apathy or moroseness, does not, as some people would seem to think, argue heartlessness. "*Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops;*" and why should sorrow be stimulated rather than checked? It is a mistaken sympathy and maudlin sentimentality which makes a hero out of the too demonstrative sufferer. It is a far nobler thing "to suffer and be strong" than to allow oneself to be known everywhere as the victim of a broken heart.

There is another class of sufferers from the heart epidemic who are regarded with considerable curiosity and interest—disappointed lovers. To say that a person has loved wisely and not too well, is, in the eyes of the romantic and impassioned elect, equivalent to saying that he or she has never loved at all. A man who can come out of the fiery furnace without bearing traces of the flame, is thought by certain juvenile enthusiasts to be a brute. We have a right to expect that his heart should be broken, and it is the fault of the heart if it is not. Hearts are like highly-tempered steel—the best are the most brittle. When two young persons enter into an engagement to be married, pledging eternal love and fidelity between the figures of the Lancers, or in the intervals of a waltz, it is no doubt a very serious and a very solemn thing. On what grounds are stern parents or worldly-minded guardians justified in stepping in between the sanctity of their vows, because there happens to be pecuniary disparity, or possibly absolute deficiency? What has lucre to do with love? Unfortunately, a great deal. Love does not often live in a cottage; nor, in the present century, is beauty unadorned adorned the most. For these reasons, the hearts of many an enamored couple are ruthlessly torn asunder. The scheme of love which has been so fondly built up falls to the ground, and great is the fall of it. Either the young lady or the young gentleman, or both, are for the time being

heartbroken, the space necessary for repairing the fracture being regulated by the circumstances of condition or age. Be it long or be it short, the severed pieces will eventually unite. Now it may be said that this would hardly be possible if the visitation were as keen as the words might seem to imply; to what, then, does it all amount? A girl when she loses her lover, loses a great deal, whoever he may be, and under whatever disadvantages he may labor. She has been accustomed to regard matrimony as the be-all and end-all of existence, and now, just as she has drawn the prize, it seems hard to have it taken away. When an engagement is abruptly broken off, there are various petty mortifications which the fair deserted has to bear. Ever since she has woven her silken toils round the unwary male, she has been the envy of her fellow-virgins. She has walked erect and superior among them all. It has been gratifying to display in public the devotion of her swain, to trot him out, and to show the perfect ease with which he is to be managed—just as the equestrian in Rotten Row loves to exhibit the delicacy of hand with which he controls a young thorough-bred. All this is now over. She must descend from her pinnacle; the trophy of her prowess is gone, and her glory is departed. Doubtless, she was "devotedly attached to the young man." Still the real feeling uppermost in her mind is one of mortification and annoyance. Juvenile attachments are easily replaced—"lightly come, lightly go." A new season will bring a new admirer, and the broken heart is healed. And even for "wounded fawns" of less tender years there yet remains balm in Gilead. Love may be fickle, but justice is sure, though slow. The much-injured fair one has but to make known her tale of wrong, the blight which has fallen upon her innocent confiding heart, to the sympathetic ear of a British jury, and, can she but make her case clear, consolation, in the shape of pecuniary damages nicely apportioned to the bitterness of the wrong, will certainly be hers. It is astonishing how effectually the melancholy of lovely woman can be assuaged by a proclamation of her wrongs, and the acquisition of a few thousand pounds.

On the other hand, the lover, when torn from the smiles and caresses of his affianced bride, whether it be by the parental command or the sentence of the fickle fair herself, must bear his fate as best he may. He will, of course try to "forget the whole thing" in the way that seems most natural to him. If he endeavors to court oblivion by applying himself with renewed energy to the duties of his station, whatever they may be, it is not unlikely that it will be hinted that "he never cared much about her." If, on the other hand, his affliction begets entire recklessness, his life becoming henceforward one perpetual seed-time of wild-oats, there are never wanting those who will volunteer pardon and pity—"Poor fellow his heart is broken." It must be very comforting to the sufferer to meet with excuse where persons who could boast of no such affliction would have to face storms of condemnation and horror. Perhaps it would be hard to grudge him this solace. How pleasant to know that, even in this age of iron, there yet breathe sympathising spirits who are able to recognise in all his vagaries, traces of a broken heart and blighted hopes! But misplaced sympathy and pity are more pernicious than unmerited censure. The rejected youth has been thus roughly aroused from his dream of love with probably a considerable amount of vexation. He has felt a certain pride in the prospect of one day being the lord and master of a girl, young, engaging, and admired; he may even have felt much more; but when the object which excited the emotion has departed, the emotion itself will quickly follow:—

> In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns *from* thoughts of love.

A period of calm reflection soon succeeds. After all, may it not be better that the whole thing is ended? Would it not have been rash; and might he not have repented when it was too late? Now these thoughts and self-questionings are perfectly natural. It might be well if, even in cases where no obstacle was interposed between the desire and the consummation, they oftener suggested themselves, or, suggesting themselves, were oftener acted upon. It may seem an act of devotion on the lover's part to be constant even against the dictates of prudence—to refuse to break his vows, lest he should break the heart of her to whom he has pledged them. But the fear is generally idle, and the devotion is too often productive in after life of misery to both persons concerned. As a matter of fact, it is a rare thing for a young heart to be broken through a disappointment in love. Of all the cant and pseudo-sentiment rife at the present day, the theory of the broken heart, under the aspects in which we have regarded it, is perhaps the weakest and the worst.

(For the Saturday Press.)

THE MODEL ARTIST—CUYP BROWN.

Your notes on artists last week, my dear Press, have induced me to throw into form some reminiscences of one who, so far from rendering famous his relatives, down to his second cousin's wife's sister, as these others do, is alike "unknown, unhonored, and unsung," outside of his immediate social sphere. Nevertheless, Cuyp Brown is a true artist, in the severest sense of the term. Though he is not to be found at the Tuesday Evenings of Mrs. Shoddy on the Avenue, nor perched on top of a rock in the foreground of the Mountain House in the summer season, nor seated next to the Chair at the spring meeting of the Artists' Fund Association, yet he still lives that great and glorious life, which is the heritage of the seekers after Te-ruth. I do not remember ever seeing his name in the public prints, except on one occasion, in the columns of the old Saturday Press, when an absurd account was given of a so-called Artists' Reception at his studio. Of course he is a Bohemian.

Why have I fished this individual up from his cheap and happy obscurity? Certainly not with a view to administer to the prurient taste for personal gossip—outgoings and incomings of princes, poets, and painters—now so prevalent. It is because, in the nervous language of a famous female writer, I recognise in him the first art regenerator of the day—the very master of that working corps, who would restore to paint-pots the lost glory of things.

The cottage where Cuyp first saw the light of day, stands jocund upon the mountain tops that encircle Communipaw. It catches the earliest beams of the sun in its rising, and its last declining rays linger and play on its summit. Hence we learn that "art is long." He early betrayed an instinct for his profession, having been discovered, one day, in besmearing with Jersey clay the plastic countenance of his little sister. Even to this day, like the great Turner, his best effects are produced by deft dabs of his dexter forefinger. Such is the force of habit. How gracious would be the task, had we time and opportunity, to sketch the growth of his genius from this creeping of the infant up to its full height, as it stalks majestic across the stage of life, in his great "Squam Beach-Wind Dead Ahead-Luffing Up," now just off his easel. But it was not of his works, which few of the present generation will probably ever see, that I essayed to speak, but of his artistic character—his inner life; so fresh, so beautiful, so worthy of imitation. It reminds one of Giolto and Cirnabue and those early masters, who painted seriously as a duty, and not for the flesh-pots of Egypt. For Cuyp, luckily, has a modest patrimony, in the shape of a reversionary lien on one of the famous clam-beds near the paternal estate and thus is free to work for his art alone, regardless of the insane clamorings of the idle herd of dilletanti and critics.

Some evidences of the simplicity of this excellent man's character seem worthy to be recorded, not only as creditable to himself, but as an example to young artists. On one occasion, being offered the princely sum of ten dollars for a large canvas, he said, "No; I think I will keep it." On another, when proffered by a literary friend a first-rate notice in the "Outlandish Monthly," he replied, "I would rather not; I might be asked to subscribe for it." Money could not wither, nor flattery stab his infinite propriety.

From a volume of his Diary, which chanced to fall into my possession, I extract some choice passages:

"*Jan. 29th.*—Reading Haydn's Life, to-day, who committed suicide. What a glorious thing to be in earnest, as he was.

"*May 5th.*—The hanging committee have refused my landscape a place in the exhibition. I'll go hang it in the barn then, and call the geese to view it. Quacking is better than quackery." What a noble philosophy is here—quite worthy of Cato, whom, by the way, the writer remembers indistinctly as a man and a brother.

"*Feb. 7th.*—Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away." Note the profundity of this thought. We wonder if it ever occurred to him that the sentence was capable of a rhyme.

"*Feb. 30th.*—At Quaker meeting, to-day, where I was moved with some fine thoughts on Drab. It is the color of this planet we inhabit, if we but dig a little, though trenching on vermillion hereabouts (New Jersey.) How appropriate, then, is the drab of our apparel—dust we are, and unto dust we return, and this drab-colored clothing reminds us of it, like the skeleton at the feasts of the Egyptians. Will write Ruskin about it."

I should mention that Cuyp seldom entered any place of worship, and never any but the humble meeting-houses of the Quakers; though what sympathy this man of bright colors had

with the Quakers, who abominate all color but drab, I cannot divine. One would have thought his tendency would have been rather toward the Scarlet Woman. This entry of Cuyp's, about death and drab cloth, reminds me of what the Quaker worthy, John Woolman, says about dyeing: "Dyes, being invented partly to please the eye, and partly to hide dirt, I have felt, when travelling in dirtiness, and affected with unwholesome scents, a strong desire that the nature of dyeing cloth to hide dirt may be more fully considered. Washing our garments to keep them sweet is cleanly, but it is the opposite of real cleanliness to hide dirt in them. Through giving way to hiding dirt in our garments, a spirit which would conceal that which is disagreeable is strengthened. Real cleanliness becometh a holy people; but hiding that which is not clean, by coloring our garments, seems contrary to the sweetness of sincerity." Here was a man evidently after Cuyp's own heart, though doubtless he never heard of him.

With Mr. Ruskin Cuyp has long been on intimate terms, having in his library a fine copy of his "Beauties," which he sets great store by. I continue my excerpts from the Diary:

"*Oct 1st*" (evidently has been communing with Proverbial Philosophy.)—"The artist's Ego must prevail over his outgo. The soul must dispense with sole-leather, and cultivate solitude. The angles of the artist must not be abraded by trundling down the streets. It is of as little consequence that the world should know where he spent his last summer, as where he spent his last sixpence. Dispense with cant, and there will be much more 'I can.' Better cards of admission to the *Hemicycle des Beaux Arts*, than cards of fashion on the studio mantel. Study to be subjective introspectively, and objective nitra-spectively." Perhaps this may seem rather mystical to the unartistic mind, but the kernel of thought is here, and whole troops of wisdom.

It will thus be seen, from the simple character I have faintly delineated, that here is the germ of a new and great school of art; here is a new path. It was high time, too, for a move in this direction. As our preachers have developed from the simple fishermen of the dawn of Christianity, into pompous occupants of plush and gilded pulpits, so our artists have become "the fashion," are prone to "receptions," lapse readily into millinery, and have fallen from Greece. Think of Praxiteles at a Studio Reception, or stern old Angelo, or any other Roman! How would they shake the dust from their feet, and the crinoline from their loins!

The future hides in it both good hap and sorrow,
Press we still thorow,
Awaiting Cuyp Brown.

For, as surely as the painter's art goes up the spout (till it reaches the roof of ambition), so surely will the world some day recognize, through the works of Cuyp Brown, the Model Artist.

ROBINSON.

He who bears patiently the faults of his wife, will receive from the hands of Allah a recompense similar to that which he accorded to Job after his long suffering.

Do not speak of anything which you would not like to have repeated to-morrow.

(For the Saturday Press.)

ONLY A YEAR.

She saw him coming up the path,
And sprang to the door with glad surprise;
He touched her hand with polished ease,
And a look of pain went into her eyes.

A look of pain went into her eyes,
But a steady smile was on her face:
In friendly, careless-seeming tones,
He talked of city life and ways.

She saw him going down the path,
His careless words were in her ears—
She hid her face in her homely hands,
And her eyes were blind with bitter tears.

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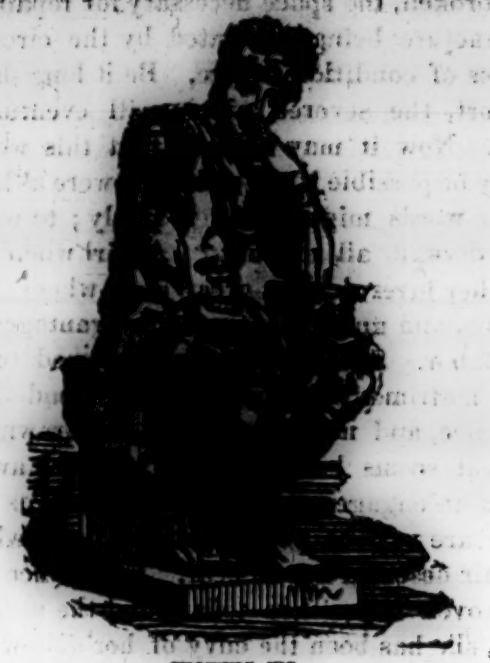

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On *SATURDAY*, Sept. 30, *GRAND MATINEE.*
On *MONDAY EVENING*, Sept. 25, at 8 o'clock,
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MISS CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG,
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SIGNOR BELLINI,
who, in order to render the cast as perfect as possible, has kindly consented to sing the comparatively small part of Valentin.
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HERR MULLER.
Conductor..... .MAX MARETZEK
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